

COLD OPEN

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - SAME

The family sits on the sofa, watching television.

ON TV:

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. STREET, 1860'S - DAY

MUSIC: THE MINTOS THEME SONG

ABRAHAM LINCOLN gets out of a carriage. JOHN WILKES BOOTH lurks suspiciously behind a lamppost. He takes out a pistol and points it at Lincoln.

BOOTH'S P.O.V. - He can't get a clear shot. Lincoln is blocked by people as he enters the building. Booth lowers his gun, annoyed. Suddenly, he looks up, noticing the sign above the building. It says "Theatre." Booth smiles, and pops a MINTO into his mouth.

INT. THEATRE - SAME

Lincoln takes his seat in the balcony. At the back of the auditorium, Booth enters into frame, pauses with his pistol, and looks up at the balcony with conviction. He runs up a stairwell to the balcony.

ON THE BALCONY - We see Lincoln and his WIFE from the back. Booth raises his gun, and takes a shot at Lincoln, blowing a hole in his hat. Lincoln whirls around, alarmed. Booth smiles with the smoking gun. Lincoln gives him an "Oh, you devil" expression. Booth turns to the CAMERA, holding up the candy package for us to see, as we FREEZE-FRAME.

V.O.

Mintos! The Freshmaker.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MEG

What's the deal with those
commercials?

PETER

I dunno. I think they're like Dutch
or somethin'.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

EXT./ESTAB. AMPHITHEATER (FANTASY) - EVENING

The packed house listens to a piano concert.

EXT. AMPHITHEATER (FANTASY) - SAME

ON LOIS - Dressed in a formal evening gown, on stage performing a solo. As she nails the final note, the crowd erupts into thunderous applause. Lois takes a bow. In the wings, we see Peter, dressed in a tuxedo, blowing her a kiss. She smiles as flowers shower onto the stage. Suddenly, she is hit in the head with a baby's bottle.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - MORNING

LOIS has been daydreaming while washing silverware. STEWIE sits in his high chair, holding his jaw in agony.

STEWIE

Blast you, woman! Awake from your
damnable reverie!

Lois sighs and retrieves the baby bottle he's thrown.

LOIS

Honey, I'm doing the dishes.

STEWIE

Well, a thousand pardons for
disrupting your flatware sanitation
ritual but, you see, I'M IN SEARING
PAIN!

LOIS

You're just teething, Stewie. It's
a normal part of a baby's life.

STEWIE

Very well, then. I order you to kill
me at once!

*

LOIS

Aw, honey. I know you're hurting,
but Mommy has to clean up the house.

STEWIE

No, I want you to shake me! Shake me
like a British nanny!

Lois sighs again.

EXT. LAKE - DAY

An idyllic fishing hole. PETER, BRIAN, QUAGMIRE, and CLEVELAND sit in a fishing boat. They're loaded and a little sunburned. A dozen empty beer cans float in the water.

PETER

Man, this is the life. Hey, hand me
another one of them Pawtucket
Patriots.

Brian hands him a beer. (On the beer can we see the symbol of the PAWTUCKET PATRIOT, a young Johnny Tremaine-type in a tri-cornered hat and holding a frosty mug.)

PETER (CONT'D)

Guys, I wanna say a toast to you.

Quagmire, Cleveland....

He just stares at Brian, blanking.

BRIAN

Brian.

PETER

Yeah. We've had a lotta great times,
huh? And when it comes to friends,
you guys are. I mean that.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

If you guys were beers, I would drink
every one of you. And I wish you
were, 'cause we're out.

Everyone but Brian doubles over with laughter. Peter
crumples his can and tosses it in the water.

CLEVELAND

That's funny. That's even more
humorous than that joke you told us
last night.

INT. BAR - NIGHT - (FLASHBACK)

Peter sits at a table with Quagmire, Cleveland, and Brian.

PETER

Okay, so a Jewish guy and a Chinese
guy walk into a bar... oh, wait a
second.

He looks over his left shoulder. There's nothing but JEWISH
GUYS. He looks over his right shoulder. There's nothing but
CHINESE GUYS. Peter turns back to his pals.

PETER (CONT'D)

Okay, a Jewish guy and a Chinese guy
walk into a bar, and there's a naked
priest sittin' there, and he -- oh,
sorry, Father.

We see that Peter and his pals are sitting with an ELDERLY
NAKED PRIEST wearing a clerical collar.

ELDERLY NAKED PRIEST

(IRISH BROGUE) Oh, I've heard 'em all.

EXT. LAKE - DAY - (BACK TO PRESENT)

CLEVELAND

(CHECKS WATCH) Ooh, look at the time.
I promised Loretta I was gonna trim
the hedges and be tender with her.

QUAGMIRE

See, that's why I'm still playing the
field. Nobody's tying ol' Quagmire
down. Unless she's into that sort of
thing. All riight!

PETER

I'm tellin' ya, Cleveland, our wives
like us out of the house every now
and then. Gives 'em time to do all
those little things women just love
to do.

INT. GRIFFINS' BATHROOM - AFTERNOON

Lois, looking a little weary from her housework, is plunging
a toilet.

SFX: CAR PULLING UP AND HITTING GARBAGE CANS

She puts the plunger down and checks her hair in the mirror,
then hurries into:

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lois picks some magazines up off the floor and puts them on
the coffee table as Peter enters with Brian. Peter carries
a cooler and tackle gear.

BRIAN

(TO PETER) I'll be on your bed. No
calls.

Brian leaves. Lois watches in dismay as Peter "undoes" all of the housework she's just done; i.e., tracks muddy footprints across the carpet, drops his jacket and tackle gear on the furniture, knocks the magazines off the coffee table, etc.

PETER

Heya, Lois. I know you've been busy all day so I took care of dinner.

LOIS

Really?

He pulls a big dead fish out of the cooler and drops it on the coffee table with a loud thwack.

PETER

All you gotta do is gut it, clean it, scale it, and cook it. The one thing ya don't have to do is thank me. Because it's my pleasure.

He kisses her, plops onto the couch, and flips on the TV. *

LOIS

Peter, I spent all morning cleaning the house and in five seconds you turn it into low-tide at the pier.

Peter notices the mess he's just made.

PETER

Aw, I'm sorry, honey. I'd help you clean it up, but me and housework just don't mix. Remember when I tried doin' the laundry?

INT. GRIFFINS' BASEMENT - AFTERNOON - (FLASHBACK)

Peter's taking laundry out of the dryer.

PETER

Let's see... shirt, pants, hey, I'm
missin' another sock! Hey!

Peter pounds on the back of the dryer. The back of the drum
opens like a door. Peter tumbles out onto a snowy landscape.
A cloven-hoofed FAUN (like a satyr) skips up to him.

FAUN

Welcome to Narnia! I'm Mr. Tumnus!

Mr. Tumnus is wearing one sock on his hoof.

PETER

Hey! Gimme back my sock, ya goat-
bastahd!

Mr. Tumnus runs away.

PETER (CONT'D)

Hey!

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON - (BACK TO PRESENT)

LOIS

You're right, it's better if I do it.

STEWIE (O.S.)

Aah! Damn it to the bowels of bloody
hell!

LOIS

(SIGHS) The baby's up. Can you get
him?

PETER

Okay. I just hope he doesn't need
changin'. I'm a little gun-shy after
what happened last time.

INT. STEWIE'S ROOM - DAY - (FLASHBACK)

Stewie lays on his back, while Peter changes his diaper.
Next to Peter is a white bottle of talcum powder and an
orange bottle. Peter grabs the orange bottle.

STEWIE

No, you imbecile, that's not talc,
that's paprika!

Peter sprinkles the paprika between Stewie's legs.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

Aaaah! (SHOOTS A STREAM OF PEE IN
PETER'S EYE) Take that!

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON - (BACK TO PRESENT)

LOIS

(GETTING ANNOYED) All right, I'll do
that, too. Can you at least take
Chris to his game?

PETER

Aw geez, Lois, I just spent all
morning on a boat drinking beer with
my friends. How 'bout a little time
for Peter?

*
*
*

LOIS

Honey, I'm beggin' ya, just drop
Chris off at his soccer game and come
right home. Meg's at the movies and
I need you to look after Stewie while
I'm teaching piano lessons. Please?

PETER

All right, sure. (THEN, LOVINGLY) You
know, I spoil you.

Peter leaves.

EXT./ESTAB. SOCCER FIELD - AFTERNOON

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - SAME

Peter pulls up in a car with CHRIS, who's wearing a red
soccer uniform (along with his baseball cap). His shorts are
stretched at the seams.

PETER

Sorry I can't stay and watch you
play, buddy.

CHRIS

That's okay. I'm not very good
anyway.

PETER

Don't be so hard on yourself, pal.
Just the fact that you got into those
shorts is a real accomplishment.

CHRIS

(BRIGHTENING) Thanks, Dad.

Chris runs off and joins his team.

ON QUAGMIRE - He sits in the bleachers flirting with some middle-aged women.

QUAGMIRE

Hey, Peter!

PETER

Quagmire? What are you doin' here?

QUAGMIRE

Oh, you know, soccer moms!

PAN TO a group of SOCCER MOMS. PAN BACK TO Quagmire, who nods.

PETER

Well, I'd love to hang around with you, but Lois needs me at home.

Quagmire pulls a beer from a cooler.

QUAGMIRE

I got beer!

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - LATER

Peter, now shirtless, has a beer in one hand and waves his shirt over his head with the other.

PETER

Go, soccer!

A VENDOR passes by, holding a tray full of letters. *

PETER (CONT'D) *

(TO VENDOR) Gimme an 'S.' *

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

In the b.g., we see a young boy playing the piano. Lois holds Stewie in the next room. He looks miserable and grumbles. She glances at her watch, annoyed. *

LOIS

Ssshhhh. It's okay, Stewie. (TO
HERSELF) Where the hell's Peter?
(CALLING TO DEN) That was good,
Reuben. Now play, uh, Brahms'
Lullabye.

SFX: PIANO PLAYING "BRAHMS' LULLABYE" (The student keeps
playing one particular note wrong.)

LOIS (CONT'D)

(SINGING) "Lullabye, and good
night..."

STEWIE

Oh, enough! The only thing worse
than the wretched pain in my mouth is
the excrement spewing from yours!

LOIS

I know teething hurts, honey, but it
only lasts about six months.

STEWIE

(SARCASTIC) Oh, only six months?
Well, then, why the devil am I
complaining? Perhaps it's because
I'M IN AGONY! (IN DESPAIR) Six
months! I'm lost.

LOIS

I'm sorry, honey. I wish I could
make the pain go away sooner, but I
can't turn time forward.

STEWIE

(EUREKA!) No, but perhaps I can! Of course! I'll simply build a machine that can move time! I shall call it... (PROUDLY) a "time machine!"

The piano music ends on a particularly sour, wrong note.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

(ANNOYED) B flat, Salieri! B flat!

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - AFTERNOON

Chris is standing still, prepared to block a corner kick. *

PETER

(SHOUTING TO CHRIS) All right, Chris! *

Way to stand there! (PROUDLY, TO *

NEARBY PARENT) I taught him that. *

A PLAYER from the opposing blue team takes the corner kick. *
Chris catches it, then realizing, drops the ball and tries to look innocent. *

SFX: WHISTLE BLOWS

REFEREE

Hand ball! Penalty kick, blue!

Chris looks sheepish. A beer-bellied SOCCER PARENT (in a red *
sweatshirt) loses it. *

SOCCER PARENT

(LIVID) That's the tenth time today!

(SHOUTING TO CHRIS) Nice grab, Orca!

Somebody haul Moby Dick off the field
before he burps up a license plate!

PETER

Easy, fella, that's my kid. Now
apologize.

SOCCER PARENT

Okay, I'm sorry your kid's a brain-
dead stinkin' bleu cheese fat-ass!

PETER

(APOLOGY ACCEPTED) All right, then.

SOCCER PARENT

Looks like the apple doesn't fall far
from the big fat tree.

The Soccer Parent shoves Peter.

PETER

Oh, that's it.

Peter decks the Soccer Parent, knocking him out cold.

ON CHRIS - watching from the field.

CHRIS

Way to go, Dad!

BACK TO the sidelines. A BOY from the red team runs over to
the Soccer Parent, who's sprawled out on the ground.

BOY

(TO PETER) You hit my mom!

PETER

No, I hit your dad.

A crowd starts to gather.

PARENT #1

Stand back. Give her some air.

PETER

You mean, give him some air.

PARENT #2

Call an ambulance! She's going into
labor!

*RECORDED
AS WOMAN*

PETER

You mean, he's going into labor.

SFX: CRY OF NEWBORN BABY

PETER

(REALIZING) Whoops.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAYS LATER - EVENING

EXT. GRIFFINS' FRONT PORCH - SAME

Peter's having a beer with Brian, Quagmire, and Cleveland.

PETER

I can't believe I punched a woman.

BRIAN

A pregnant woman.

QUAGMIRE

I feel sorry for her husband. All
you did was knock her out. (LAUGHS)

CLEVELAND

Oh, that's funny. Sometimes it's
nice to enjoy laughter.

PETER

Aw, there's no excuse for what I did.
I just hope she accepts my peace
offering. I sent her a little
somethin' for the baby.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - EVENING - (CUTAWAY)

The Soccer Parent lays in bed with a black eye, holding her
NEWBORN beside her. She unwraps a jack-in-the-box. She
smiles and cranks the handle. It tinkles a little tune, then
pops open and socks her in the other eye.

EXT. GRIFFINS' FRONT PORCH - EVENING - (BACK TO SCENE)

PETER

'Course, I woulda brought it over
myself if I wasn't under house arrest.

CLEVELAND

You're just fortunate this is your
first offense, Peter.

PETER

No kiddin'. Coulda been a lot worse
if the cops knew about those other
times I broke the law...

EXT. STRIP MALL - DAY - (FLASHBACK)

Peter stands with his back against the wall, next to a sign
that reads "No Loitering." His eyes dart from side to side,
guiltily.

EXT. GRIFFINS' FRONT PORCH - EVENING - (BACK TO PRESENT)

PETER

Then there was that time I took a
whiz in public...

EXT. QUAHOG COMMUNITY POOL - DAY - (FLASHBACK)

As PARENTS and KIDS swim around beside him, Peter stands
motionless in the pool, guiltily darting his eyes from side
to side.

EXT. GRIFFINS' FRONT PORCH - EVENING - (BACK TO PRESENT)

PETER

And that time I snuck into
Wimbledon...

EXT. TENNIS MATCH - DAY - (FLASHBACK)

SFX: TENNIS STROKES

Peter darts his eyes from side to side, following the volley.

EXT. GRIFFINS' FRONT PORCH - EVENING - (BACK TO PRESENT)

QUAGMIRE

(GETTING UP) Well, thanks for the
suds, Peter. Me and Cleveland are
gonna amscray.

PETER

You guys can't leave me here alone.

QUAGMIRE

Why don't you come with?

CLEVELAND

It's doubtful that any law
enforcement officers would ever find
out.

Peter shows the guys his ankle bracelet. It has a small
flashing red light.

PETER

Wanna bet? I can't leave the
premises. They're monitoring my
every move.

INT. QUAHOG COMMAND CENTRAL - DAY - (CUTAWAY)

SECURITY GUARDS sit around watching a video screen.

ON VIDEO SCREEN - It's a game of "Pong." A little white blip
is bouncing back and forth.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - A WEEK LATER - DAY

OVERHEAD SHOT of Peter running back and forth between two
living room walls, just like the blip in "Pong."

PETER

(FRUSTRATED) I gotta get out of
here!... I gotta get out of here!...

NORMAL SHOT of the living room. While Peter paces like a caged animal, Brian reads the paper and Stewie tinkers with his tools off in the corner. Lois enters from the kitchen and gives Peter a kiss and a beer.

LOIS

There's my little house husband.
It's been so wonderful having you
home all week.

PETER

Thanks, honey, but I don't know how
you stand being in the house all
day. I mean, I'm so bored I can't
even watch TV anymore. All the shows
are starting to run together.

ON TV (CUTAWAY):

We see a title card that says: "HOMICIDE: LIFE ON SESAME STREET."

ANNOUNCER

This show contains adult content, and
is brought to you by the letter "H."

INT. RUN-DOWN NEW YORK APARTMENT - DAWN

A telephone rings. BERT from Sesame Street rolls over and answers the phone.

BERT

(INTO PHONE) Hello... Son of a
bitch... I'm on my way.

As Bert gets out of bed, we see him naked from behind. He pulls on a pair of dirty jeans.

BERT (CONT'D)

Some poor bastard got his head blown
off, down at a place called
"Hooper's."

Bert takes a slug from a bottle. REVEAL Ernie, also in bed.
He sits up and starts eating a cookie.

ERNIE

Bert, I wish you wouldn't drink so
much, Bert.

BERT

Well, Ernie, I wish you wouldn't eat
cookies in the damn bed.

ERNIE

Bert, you're shouting again, Bert.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - DAY - (BACK TO SCENE)

PETER

I know you can't understand what I'm
goin' through, Lois. All the stuff
that makes you happy, y'know, like
cooking and cleaning, it's right here
in the house, just waiting for you.
You are one lucky...

BRIAN

(QUIETLY) Stop now.

LOIS

(TIGHTLY) Peter, I don't do those
things because I enjoy them, I do
them because I love my family.

PETER

Well, as long as everything gets
done, right? (THEN) Aw, Lois, I gotta
tell ya. I miss hangin' around with
the guys.

LOIS

(FLIRTY) Well, you can always hang
around with me. You know, maybe you
and I can make the most of this time.
Stewie looks up from the machine he's constructing.

STEWIE

(TO HIMSELF) "Make the most of this
time," indeed. Once I complete my
chrono-temporal displacement unit,
"this time" shall be no more!

SFX: MUSICAL STING

LOIS

Why don't I go buy some groceries and
make us a nice romantic dinner, you
know, like when we were dating. That
oughta take your mind off the guys.

PETER

(BIG SMILE) It already has!

Lois smiles and exits. Peter turns to Brian.

PETER (CONT'D)

I wonder what the guys are up to.

EXT. QUAHOG COMMUNITY POOL - DAY - (CUTAWAY)

As PARENTS and KIDS swim around beside them, Quagmire and Cleveland stand motionless in the pool. Quagmire's eyes guiltily dart from side to side. After a beat, Cleveland turns and looks at Quagmire.

CLEVELAND

Oh, that's nasty.

INT. GRIFFINS' BASEMENT - DAY

Peter, holding a Pawtucket Patriot beer, opens the basement door. He flails his arms about, looking for the light.

PETER

Ah, where's the damn pullstring? *

He pulls the string, and the light comes on. A SPIDER hangs from a web right in front of his face.

PETER (CONT'D) *

AAAH! Heh, you never know what you're *

gonna find down here. *

Suddenly, a DOG abruptly descends from another web, barking viciously in Peter's face.

PETER (CONT'D) *

Aaaah! *

Peter is startled and falls down the stairs, landing on the floor. He gets up, woozily.

EERIE VOICE (O.S.)

Peter!

Peter shakes his head, trying to clear his vision.

PETER'S P.O.V. - A ghostly image of a strapping young COLONIAL MAN hovers before Peter. Peter looks at the Patriot on his beer can, then back at the apparition.

PETER

Hey... you're the Pawtucket Patriot.

PATRIOT

Verily! Come hither and give heed!

PETER

Whoa, whoa, I don't swing that way,
pal. I just came down here to get
some more beers.

PATRIOT

If you build a bar in this basement
and stock it with plenty of frosty
Pawtucket Patriots, your friends will
come down here for beer, as well.

The apparition starts to disappear.

PETER

Wait! What if I have questions?

PATRIOT

I'm always available. Now in a
convenient forty-ounce bottle.

The apparition disappears.

PETER

Aw, the guys are never gonna believe
this! A forty-ounce bottle!

PETER BAR-BUILDING MONTAGE:

We INTERCUT the following under HAPPY UPBEAT MUSIC:

- Peter cheerfully builds a counter.
- Lois comes home with bags of groceries in her arms.
- Peter happily assembles a bar stool.
- Lois puts a roast in the oven.
- Peter sits on the can, reading the newspaper.
- Lois pulls a fabulous cooked roast from the oven.

- Peter is still on the can, but now he's sleeping.

- Lois lights the candles on her perfectly set table. She checks her hair in a mirror, then looks around, satisfied all is ready.

- Peter is back in the basement. His bar is complete. He finishes painting the last letter of a sign that reads, "Ye Olde Pube." He stares at the sign for a beat, then paints over the "e" in "Olde."
*
*
*

- Lois sits alone in the dining room with a candlelit dinner in front of her. She looks down at her watch, annoyed.

INT. GRIFFINS' BASEMENT - EVENING

Peter looks around his completed basement-bar. It's a simple but comfortable space. Peter wipes down the bar. Lois enters from upstairs, miffed.

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LOIS

Peter, where the hell have you been?

We had a date.

PETER

Sorry, honey, musta lost track of the time. (RE: BAR) What do you say?
*

Think the guys'll like it?
*

LOIS

(LOOKS AROUND) This is why you missed our dinner? To make a bar for your friends?

PETER

Yeah, isn't it great? Boy, I feel just like Tim Allen. I build stuff, and I have a criminal record!
*

(GRUNTS LIKE TIM ALLEN)
*

FAMILY GUY 1ACX03 "MIND OVER MURDER" REVISED FINAL (GREEN) 9/20/98

23A.

In a "Home Improvement"-esque transition, TIM ALLEN leans
into the frame, inserts a straw in his nose and inhales the
entire screen, revealing the next scene.

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*

INT. GRIFFINS' BASEMENT/BAR - THAT EVENING

The place is full of Peter's buddies. Loud party music blasts from the jukebox. Peter and Quagmire play darts while CHARLIE watches.

QUAGMIRE

This joint is cooking with gas!

Peter throws a dart.

ANGLE ON - TWO GUYS standing near the dart board.

GUY #1

So then the other guy says, "If I

find my car keys, we can drive out."

Just as the punchline is delivered, a dart flies into frame and hits GUY #2 in the ear.

GUY #2

I'm sorry, I missed the last part.

Cleveland and Brian are watching from the bar.

CLEVELAND

(TO BRIAN, RE: DARTS) See, that's why we have the velcro kind at our house.

PETER

It's great being around you guys again. Hey, can somebody give me a lift at the end of the night?

CHARLIE

But, Peter, you live here.

PETER

I meant up the stairs. Hahahaha.

QUAGMIRE

Up the stairs.

All the guys laugh.

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The house rattles from the party music coming from the basement. There are stacks and stacks of dirty dishes and glasses piled high on every usable bit of countertop. Lois is standing at the sink, washing glasses, fuming. Peter enters from the basement, holding a drink.

PETER

Hey, honey. Y'know those little clam
cakes you always make when we have
company?

LOIS

Yes.

PETER

I need about a dozen of those. (THEN)
Actually, better make it like six
hundred.

LOIS

That's it. Peter, I am not a
servant. I'm through takin' care of
you and your bar buddies.

PETER

Geez, where the hell did that come
from?

Lois exits. Peter follows her into:

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Chris and Meg watch TV as Stewie tools away on his time
machine. Lois picks up Stewie (interrupting his tinkering)
and hands him to Peter.

LOIS

Watch the kids, I'm taking a hot bath.
She exits upstairs.

STEWIE

(TO PETER) Put me down, you
Brobdingnagian blunderbuss!

MEG

He's a little cranky from teething.

PETER

Heh, I can fix that.

Peter dips his finger into his drink and starts to rub it over Stewie's gums. Stewie spits, disgusted.

STEWIE

(HORRIFIED) Good God, man! One can
only imagine what foul regions that
finger has erstwhile probed!

PETER

There ya go. My mother used to use
whiskey whenever I had a toothache...

INT. 1950'S-STYLE LIVING ROOM - DAY - (FLASHBACK)

A nine year-old Peter looks OFF-CAMERA.

YOUNG PETER

- My toof hurts.

A whiskey bottle whizzes past Peter's head and smashes
against the wall behind him.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - EVENING - (BACK TO PRESENT)

Peter removes his finger. Stewie looks much more relaxed.

PETER

How's that feel?

STEWIE

(DRUNK) Well... it's... delightful.

INT. GRIFFINS' BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

SFX: RUNNING WATER

Lois enjoys a serene, "Calgon moment." She lounges in a
bubble bath with the water still running, surrounded by lit
candles.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AMPHITHEATER (FANTASY) - EVENING

In the continuation of Lois' earlier fantasy, the sound of
the running water turns into the sound of thunderous
applause... Lois takes another bow in front of the packed
amphitheater. Fireworks go off in the evening sky in
celebration of Lois' grand performance.

SFX: FIREWORKS

LOIS

Thank you. Thank you, very much.

Lois makes her way offstage where she's greeted by an applauding, tuxedo-clad Peter.

PETER

Lois, you are a wonderful woman.

Words cannot express the depth of my appreciation and love for you.

LOIS

Oh, Peter.

The two kiss passionately as skyrockets explode in the background.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GRIFFINS' BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

SFX: WATER RUNNING

Lois smiles to herself as she turns off the water flowing into the tub.

SFX: WATER STILL RUNNING

Lois looks up, puzzled. She turns and is shocked to find Charlie taking a whiz in the toilet.

LOIS

(SHRIEKS)

CHARLIE

Hey, you must be Lois.

INT. GRIFFINS' BASEMENT/BAR - LATER

The bar is even more swingin' than before. Chris sneaks a beer from the tap and is about to drink it when Peter grabs it out of his hand and dumps it out. Chris smiles sheepishly. Meg serves drinks to some people sitting at a table. They give her a buck as a tip.

MEG

(SARCASTIC) Now, a whole dollar.

Guess I'll be taking a limo to the
prom.

REREAD

ON STEWIE - He's totally inebriated, chatting up a ditzy,
curvaceous BLONDE at the bar.

STEWIE

(EXPLAINING) No, not silicone,
silicon. The design of the device is
quite ingenious, if I do say so
myself, Misty -- what a delightful
moniker.

REREAD

Stewie starts sketching blueprints onto a cocktail napkin.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

(RE: SKETCH) You see... Misty, my
time manipulator employs axioms from
the quantum theory of molecular
propulsion...

His pencil breaks.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

I've broken my pencil.

MISTY

I have a Barney pen in my purse.

She hands it to Stewie. He leans in close to her.

STEWIE

You... are spectacular!

REREAD

The basement door bursts open. Lois stands at the top of the
stairs in a bathrobe with a towel wrapped over her hair.

She furiously marches to the bottom of the stairs where Chris stands next to a velvet rope. Chris blocks her path.

LOIS

Chris, what are you doing here?

CHRIS

Sorry, Mom. (THEN) Uh, I'm gonna need to see some I.D.

LOIS

(ANGRY) Chris, go to your room.

Chris turns to exit. Stewie stumbles up to Lois, still drunk.

STEWIE

Hello, Mother. Care to partake in one of your oh-so-exhilarating games of peek-a-boo? (CACKLES DERISIVELY)

LOIS

Oh my god, my baby is drunk!

The music grinds to a halt. Peter comes over.

PETER

No, I'm not. (OFF STEWIE) Oh, him?

Yeah, he's a real lightweight.

LOIS

(FURIOUS) Meg, take Stewie upstairs.

Meg exits upstairs with Stewie.

REREAD

STEWIE

(SINGING) "Show me the way to go home..." Everybody! "I'm tired and I want to go to bed..." Just the women! (FADES OUT)

LOIS

Peter, in the seventeen years that
we've been married I have never been
as angry as I--

She spots her piano off in the corner.

LOIS (CONT'D)

What is my piano doing down here?

PETER

Well, it was supposed to be a clam
cake buffet, but... (OFF HER GLARE)
uh... never mind.

LOIS

That does it, Peter. . Either this bar
goes or I do.

PETER

Lois, honey, be reasonable. I
haven't even told you the other
reason your piano's down here.
(THINKING FAST) I, uh... wanted you
to play it... you know, like it was
an instrument.

Lois looks doubtful.

PETER (CONT'D)

I'm telling ya the truth. (TO
FRIENDS) Right, gang?

We PAN down Peter's line of friends, each ad-libbing
"absolutely", "definitely", etc. Finally, we reach a
SCIENTIST reading the printout of a polygraph machine. The
Scientist looks at Lois and shakes his head "no."

"Lois"

More Than You'll Know

Composer: Mack Gordon & Harry Warren
Arranger: Ron Jones

$\text{♩} = 72$

You'll nev - er know just how much I

love you. You'll nev - er know just how much I

care. And if I tried I

still could - n't hide my love for you.

You ought to know for have - n't I told you

so. If there is some o - ther way to

prove that I love you I swear I just don't know.

how You'll nev - er know if you don't know now.

PETER (CONT'D)

(OFF SCIENTIST) Alright, maybe that
was a lie -- at first. But now that
I said it, it sounds like a pretty
good idea. Right, gang?

The patrons turn to Lois and ad-lib "please", "just one
song", etc. Lois softens.

LOIS

Oh, no. I couldn't. Well... maybe
one song.

As Lois starts for the piano, Peter secretly turns back to
his friends.

PETER

(SOTTO) Pretend you like it. No
matter how bad it stinks.

The crowd nods. Lois sits at the piano and clears her throat.

LOIS

(SINGING, TIMIDLY) "You'll never know
just how much I love you (WITH MORE
CONFIDENCE) You'll never know how
much I care."

The guys sit up and take notice.

LOIS (CONT'D)

(EMBOLDENED) "And if I tried I still
couldn't hide my love for you."

Lois pulls the towel from her head, revealing her wet and
wild-looking hair.

LOIS (CONT'D)

"You ought to know, for haven't I
told you so."

Lois is really getting into it now. She stands as an
ACCOMPANIST takes her place without missing a beat.

LOIS (CONT'D)

"If there is some other way..."

The men rise to their feet, hooting and whistling.

PETER

(WEAKLY, TO FRIENDS) Uh, okay,
guys... thank you. You can stop
pretending now.

Lois wiggles out of her bathrobe, unveiling a sexy nightgown.
The patrons whistle their approval.

The mostly male crowd is now totally turned on. They go wild
with applause and catcalls. Peter starts to look
uncomfortable.

LOIS

"...to prove that I love you, I swear
I don't know how."

Brian notices Peter squirm.

BRIAN

Something troubling you, Peter?

PETER

(NERVOUSLY) Aw, nothing. Just all my
friends are eye-humpin' my wife. But
I can live with that.

The Scientist looks up from his polygraph at Peter and shakes
his head "no."

LOIS

"You'll never know if you don't know
now."

Peter looks worried.

END OF ACT TWO

[REDACTED]

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - THE NEXT MORNING

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - SAME

Lois is excitedly talking to Meg and Chris as she serves them breakfast. A hungover Stewie is slumped in his high chair, head resting on the tray.

LOIS

It was absolutely amazing! The second that spotlight hit me I became a whole different person.

STEWIE

Silence, you contemptible shrew! My head is throbbing.

LOIS

Aw, I bet your gums are still sore.

STEWIE

Oh, you're so observant. Are you a detective? Yes, my gums are sore!

(GROANS) Oh god, my stomach! Stand clear woman, or you shall be the first native showered with the lava of Mount St. Stewie.

Peter enters.

CHRIS

Hey, Dad, Mom said she was really on last night.

"Lois"

You Made Me Love You

Composer: J. McCarthy & J. Monaco
Arranger: Ron Jones

$\text{♩} = 105.69$

You made me love - , you, I

did - n't wan - na do it I did - n't wan - na do it .

You made me want you, and all the time you knew it,

I guess you al - ways knew it. You made me hap -

py some - times, you made me glad, -

But there were times, dear, you made

me feel so bad. - You made me

sigh for, I did - n't wan - na tell you, I

did - n't wan - na tell you. I want some love that's

true, yes, I do, 'deed I do, you know I do.

Gim - me, gim - me, gim - me, gim - me what I cry for, you

know you got the brand of kiss - es that I'd die for,

You know you made me love you. I love you (Kiss)

PETER

Yeah. About that, Lois, see, uh...
the guy's were just bein' polite.
They thought your singing was too,
uh...

LOIS

My cadences were a little off,
weren't they?

PETER

Well, you slide around on the piano
like that, how do you expect them to
stay on?

LOIS

I was just nervous. Tonight'll be
better.

PETER

Tonight? Aw, honey, I don't think
anyone's gonna come back tonight.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. GRIFFINS' BASEMENT/BAR - THAT NIGHT

Scores of HUSBANDS pack the bar, which now seems more built
up (more booths, a dance floor, etc.) Lois wears a sequined
gown and exudes confidence and sensuality. She shimmies
through the finale of "You Made Me Love You."

LOIS

(SINGING) "Gimme, gimme, gimme, gimme
what I cry for, you know you got the
kind of kisses that I die for..."

Cleveland turns to Brian.

CLEVELAND

This one takes me back.

Quagmire watches from a nearby table with lust.

QUAGMIRE

Now that's a woman!

We PULL BACK to reveal that Quagmire is looking at different flashcards held by the Scientist.

QUAGMIRE (CONT'D)

(OFF DIFFERENT CARDS) That's a house,
that's a fish, that's a bee!

ON LOIS:

LOIS

"You know you made me love you!"

The crowd cheers.

LOIS (CONT'D)

Thank you, thank you. (RE: PIANIST)

Johnny Muldoon.

THE ACCOMPANIST puts his palms together and bows. The audience applauds. Lois takes a sip of water.

LOIS (CONT'D)

(ENCOURAGING THE APPLAUSE) Yes, yes.

(THEN:) You know, I was born in a

little town called Quahog--

More applause.

DRUNK GUY (O.S.)

(SOUNDS LIKE HE'S AT THE BACK OF A
LARGE AUDITORIUM) We love you, Lois!

The guys hoot and howl. Lois giggles. *REREAD*

*

LOIS

Let me finish the story, fellas. You
don't want to be up all night.

(COYLY) Or do you?

The guys boot and howl again.

ON PETER - who is tending the bar.

PETER

(WITH DISDAIN) "Or do [^]you?"

A STRANGER approaches.

STRANGER

(TO PETER, RE: LOIS) She's a smokin'
little pistol, isn't she?

PETER

Are you a woman?

STRANGER

No.

Peter punches the Stranger in the face.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY

EXT. GRIFFINS' FRONT PORCH - SAME

Brian is reading the paper. Peter comes out of the house,
twirling his ankle bracelet around on his finger.

PETER

My house arrest is over, Brian.

Round up the guys. Now that I'm a
free man, we can do anything we want.

BRIAN

There's only one thing the guys want to do, Peter, and that's ogle your wife. If Lois were my woman, I'd keep an eye on her. Then again, I'm the jealous type.

Peter looks worried.

EXT./ESTAB. STOP 'N SHOP - DAY

INT. STOP 'N SHOP - DAY

Peter walks down the aisle with Lois. He protectively watches over her like a hawk as every guy they pass checks her out. A passing MAN recognizes her.

MAN

Wow, Lois Griffin! I love your act.

Nice melons.

Peter spins around, ready to clock the guy.

PETER

Hey, listen, pal...

LOIS

Peter. I'm holding melons.

We see that Lois is, in fact, holding a couple of melons.

PETER

Oh.

Peter and Lois continue down the aisle.

■ ■ ■

And her hooters ain't bad, either.

Peter hurries back into the screen.

PETER

(ANGRY, TO MAN) Now hang on a second!

LOIS

Peter! I'm holding hooters.

We see that, in addition to two melons, Lois is also holding two OWLS. One of the owls hoots.

PETER

Oh. Sorry.

MAN

No problem. (LONG BEAT) Your wife's hot.

The guy runs away.

PETER

(STEAMED) All right, that's it!

Lois, your singin' days are over.

For God's sake, if I wanted to marry

Lola Falana, I would've.

INT. VEGAS DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT - (FLASHBACK)

LOLA FALANA sits at her make-up mirror, her back to Peter. He looks younger, and nervous.

PETER

Look, Lola, this whole thing's goin' way too fast for me...

LOLA FALANA

(FIGHTING TEARS) Just get out!

He backs out and closes the door. She hurls a vase of flowers at the door and begins sobbing uncontrollably.

REROAD

INT. STOP 'N SHOP - DAY - (BACK TO PRESENT)

LOIS

Peter, having me sing was your idea
in the first place.

PETER

I just wanted to keep my bar. The
whole reason I built that thing was
so that my friends would come to see
me, not you.

LOIS

Is that so? Well, let me tell you
something. I love singing and I will
continue to sing and... and...

(TEARING UP) how dare you upset me
this close to showtime!

She runs off, upset.

PETER

Lois!

Peter runs after her. He turns a corner and bumps into
somebody else's cart.

PETER (CONT'D)

Hey, watch where you're goin', buddy!

We PULL BACK to see that Peter has bumped into the Soccer
Parent from Chris' soccer game. She holds her infant in her
arms.

SOCCER PARENT

Griffin! I gotta bone to pick with
you!

PETER

Listen, pal, I don't want any more
trouble.

A crowd of angry HOUSEWIVES starts to gather around the two
of them.

SOCCER PARENT

Thanks to your wife, my husband
hasn't been home all week!

HOUSEWIFE #1

That singing hussy is destroying our
marriages.

HOUSEWIVES

(AFFIRMATIVE NOISES)

LORETTA

(OVERLAPPING) Mm-hmm.

PETER

Well, then, do something about it.
Come down to my basement tonight and
drag your husbands outta there
yourselves.

HOUSEWIFE #1

Maybe we will!

Peter notices the Soccer Parent is breast-feeding her infant.

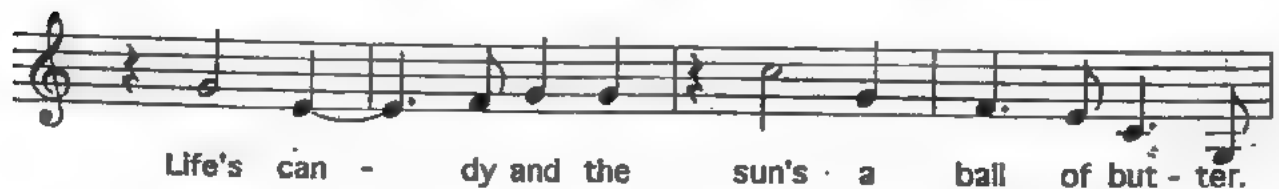
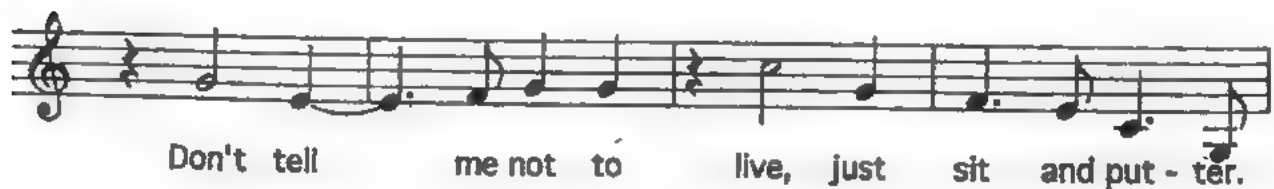
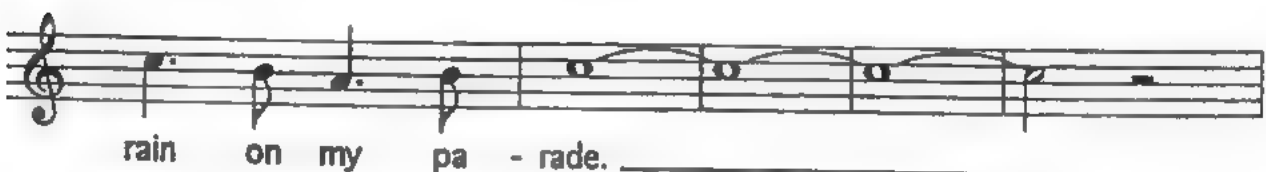
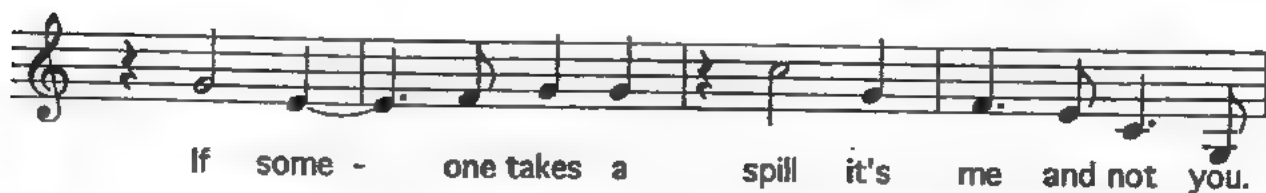
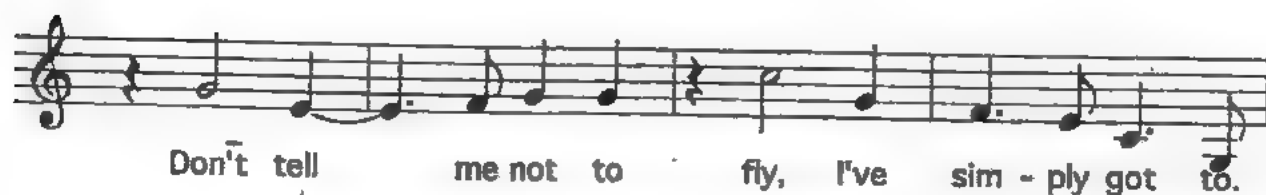
PETER

Aw geez, fella, can't you take that
outside?

"Lois"

Don't Rain On My Parade

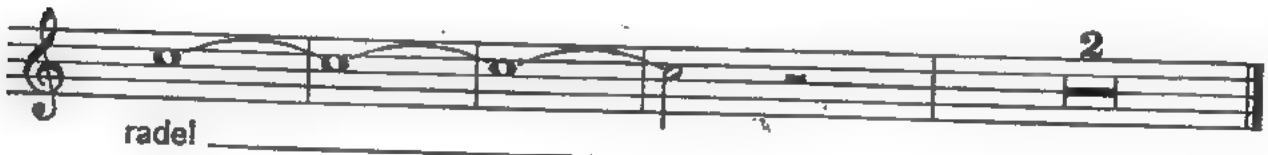
Composer: Jule Styne
Arranger: Ron Jones



"Lois"

Don't Rain On My Parade

Page 2



EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - THAT NIGHT

SFX: MUFFLED PARTY WALLA

INT. GRIFFINS' BASEMENT/BAR - SAME

Lois' popularity has obviously classed the place up even more: Chandeliers hang from the ceiling, WAITERS traverse the floor, etc. Lois is at the microphone.

LOIS

This next number is dedicated to my
very supportive husband, Peter.

Peter looks up from behind the bar, confused.

LOIS (CONT'D)

Hit it!

The Johnny Muldoon Orchestra launches into "Don't Rain On My Parade." Lois sings directly to Peter, backed up by three MALE DANCERS.

LOIS (CONT'D)

(SINGING, ANGRILY) "Don't tell me not
to fly, I've simply got to. If
someone takes a spill, (WITH ANGER)
it's me and not you! Don't rain on
my parade!"

ON PETER - He's taken aback by her vehemence. He turns to Brian, who is sipping a martini. Lois continues to sing.

PETER

LOIS

Boy, Lois is pretty
pissed, huh?

"Don't tell me not to
live, just sit and
putter."

BRIAN

LOIS

Yes, your judgment
lately has been
rather -- well, you
have crappy judgment
anyway.

"Life's candy and the
sun's a ball of butter"

*

*

*

ON STEWIE - who sullenly stands in a "jolly jumper,"
suspended from the doorway.

STEWIE

LOIS

This is intolerable!

"Who told you you're

*

This foolishness is

allowed to rain..."

*

preventing me from

completing work on

my...

Stewie notices a PATRON walk by with Stewie's blueprint
cocktail napkin stuck to his heel. His eyes widen.

STEWIE

LOIS

*

Egads! The blueprints

"...on my parade!"

**

for my time machine!

Thank you, thank you.

*

Those are for my eyes

only!

The crowds applauds for Lois.

Stewie looks up just as the napkin comes loose from the
patron's heel. It is then kicked by someone on the dance
floor, and ends up floating through the air like a feather.
Stewie gasps in shock as the napkin lands on Muldoon's piano.

LOIS

(NOTICING NAPKIN, TO STEWIE) Aww...

look everyone, Stewie drew a picture

for his Mommy.

STEWIE

No!

Stewie rushes toward the napkin, but the jolly jumper snaps
him back against the wall. Lois picks him up and carries him
to the stage.

LOIS

Ladies and gentleman, my son Stewie.

The audience applauds. Stewie gives them a little wave.

STEWIE

(SMILING WEAKLY) Hello.

CLEVELAND (O.S.)

Hold up the picture so we can see it!

STEWIE

(TO CROWD) No, no, nothing to see
here. Just the random scribbblings of
an infantile mind.

Lois sets Stewie down on the piano and holds up the napkin.
CLOSE UP of the sketch, which at the bottom reads "Stewie
(with a backwards 'e'), Age 1." The crowd ad-libs
patronizing "ooh"'s, "uh-oh"'s, etc.

GUY #1

Oh, how cute! It's a time machine!

STEWIE

No! No! It's a...a... (INWARDLY)

Blast, what the devil do children
draw? (THEN:) It's a pheasant!

To Stewie's horror, Lois begins passing the sketch around the
bar for all to admire.

GUY #1

A time machine! Sure, this is where
the flux capacitor goes!

GUY #2

Aw, I can't wait to build one of my
own.

Stewie jumps off the piano and starts to scurry upstairs.

STEWIE

Damn you all! I'll not stand idly by
while you abrogate my plans. You
shall rue this day! Go on!

(MORE)

FAMILY GUY 1ACX03 "MIND OVER MURDER" REVISED FINAL (GREEN) 9/20/98

43A*.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

Start ruing!

*

"Lois"

Steam Heat

Composer: Richard Adler & Jerry Ross
Arranger: Ron Jones

$\text{♩} = 103.79$

The musical score for "Steam Heat" is written on a single staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The tempo is marked as 103.79 beats per minute. The score consists of seven lines of music. The first line begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). It starts with a half rest, followed by a quarter note G4, a half note A4, and a quarter note B4. The second line continues with a half note C5, a quarter note B4, a half note A4, and a quarter note G4. The third line has a half note F#4, a quarter note E4, a half note D4, and a quarter note C4. The fourth line has a half note B3, a quarter note A3, a half note G3, and a quarter note F#3. The fifth line has a half note E3, a quarter note D3, a half note C3, and a quarter note B2. The sixth line has a half note A2, a quarter note G2, a half note F#2, and a quarter note E2. The seventh line has a half note D2, a quarter note C2, a half note B1, and a quarter note A1. The lyrics are: "got SSSS steam heat. I got SSSS steam heat. I got SSSS steam heat, But I need your love to keep a-way the cold. I got SSSS steam heat. I got SSSS steam heat. I got SSSS steam heat, But I can't get warm with - out your hand to hold. The ra - di - a - tor's hiss - in'". The lyrics are written below the staff, with some words aligned with specific notes and others with rests. The "SSSS" notation is used to represent a sizzling sound effect.

got SSSS

steam heat. I got SSSS steam heat. I got

SSSS steam heat, But I need your love to

keep a-way the cold. I got SSSS steam heat. I got

SSSS steam heat. I got SSSS

steam heat, But I can't get warm with -

out your hand to hold. The ra - di - a - tor's hiss - in',

Still I need you kiss - in' to keep me from freez - in' each
 night! I got a hot wat - er bot - tle but
 noth - ing I got - 'll take the place of you,
 hold - ing me tight. I got SSSS steam heat. I got
 SSSS steam heat. I got SSSS
 steam heat, But I need your love to
 keep a - way the cold.

LOIS

Bye-bye, Stewie! Mommy will be
upstairs to kiss you good night.

STEWIE

(FROM TOP OF STAIRS) Burn in hell!

Laughter and applause.

LOIS

Hell. Hell has fire, and you know
what else?

Lois rips off the modest skirt she's wearing, revealing red,
sequined hot pants. The crowd of husbands goes wild.

LOIS (CONT'D)

(SINGING) "It's got Ssssteam Heat!

I got... Ssssteam Heat! But I need
your love to keep away the cold. I
got Ssssteam Heat..."

The door suddenly bursts open and the angry wives storm in,
led by the Soccer Parent. The music stops.

SOCCER PARENT

All right, break it up!

The housewives fan out across the bar, heading to their
respective husbands.

LOIS

(STOPS SINGING) What's going on here?

SOCCER PARENT

(TO LOIS) Your little peep show is
over! We're taking back our men!

LOIS

Peep show? I don't know what you're
talking about. I'm just an ordinary
housewife.

HOUSEWIFE #1

There's nothing ordinary about those
pants you're almost wearing.

LORETTA

Mmm-hmmm.

LOIS

This is just a costume. I do this
for fun. All day long I scrub and
cook and take care of my kids, and
nobody cheers. No one even says
thank you. But when the band starts
playin', and the music's flowin'
through me, I feel, I don't know,
special. I guess you all think
that's pretty silly.

The Soccer Parent has a tear in her eye.

SOCCKER PARENT

Not at all.

Housewife #1 turns to Peter.

HOUSEWIFE #1

You didn't tell us that part.

LORETTA

(NO, YOU DID NOT) Mmmmm-hmmmm.

LOIS

Peter, you're behind all this?

PETER

Yes, and you'll never catch me!

Hahaha!

He dashes to a bookshelf and pulls a wall sconce. The bookshelf spins vertically, catching Peter's legs at the top. The bookshelf keeps trying to close, slamming against Peter with a pneumatic "chu-chu-chu".

PETER (CONT'D)

Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!

LOIS

(TO HOUSEWIVES) I bet he also didn't tell you he never helps me around the house, or takes me out to dinner, or notices when I get my hair done.

The housewives ad-lib "no", "that's terrible," "mmmmmm" etc.

SOCCER PARENT

My husband's the same way.

HOUSEWIFE #1

So's mine!

Marital arguments erupt all across the bar, as the angry housewives bicker with their respective husbands. Quagmire looks around.

QUAGMIRE

Ah, this place is full of dead pigeons. I'm gonna go grab some ozone.

Quagmire takes one last drag on his cigarette and tosses it. It lands in a trash can, which bursts into flames. Everyone is too busy fighting with their spouses to notice.

QUAGMIRE (CONT'D)

Hey, Peter, there's a kink in the
konk. Uh...

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Stewie is working on his time machine. He puts his
screwdriver down.

STEWIE

There, my time device is completed!

He flips a switch to "on." CLOSE ON -- the display: It
reads, "Printing Test Page."

STEWIE (CONT'D)

Blast!

INT. GRIFFINS' BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

As Peter and Lois argue, in the b.g. Quagmire desperately
tries to put the fire out by dousing it with brandy, which
only makes the fire worse.

PETER

Lois, you make it sound like I don't
appreciate you at all.

LOIS

Peter, when's the last time you told
me you love me?

PETER

You know I do.

In the b.g., Quagmire tries fanning the fire with a
tablecloth. The tablecloth catches fire. He tosses it away
and it ignites the bar.

LOIS

I want to hear it, Peter.

PETER

Is that what this is all about?

QUAGMIRE

Run for your lives!

Everyone sees the fire and runs out screaming.

PETER

Holy crap!

Peter runs for a fire extinguisher and grabs it.

PETER (CONT'D)

Ah! Hot! Hot! Hot!

SFX: SIZZLING

He tosses the fire extinguisher, it lands, and explodes. Peter and Lois run for the stairs, but a flaming beam falls and blocks their escape. They stand there, shocked, taking in the destruction that surrounds them.

LOIS

Oh, Peter. This is all my fault.

PETER

No, honey, you were right. I've been takin' you for granted. (DEEP BREATH) Maybe I don't show it enough, but...

Lois, you are a wonderful woman.

Words cannot express the depth of my appreciation and love for you.

LOIS

Oh, Peter.

The two kiss passionately as bottles of vodka explode like skyrocket behind them. By this point, with Peter wearing a tuxedo-like bartender's uniform and the background looking like fireworks, the moment is identical to the fantasy Lois had in the bathtub.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Stewie adjusts his time machine. In the background, we HEAR the pandemonium from the basement and we see smoke rising up from the heating grates. Stewie fiddles with the knobs.

STEWIE

And now I shall turn back time and
negate ever having drawn those
blueprints.

INT. GRIFFINS' BASEMENT/BAR - CONTINUOUS

SFX: SWEEPING, ROMANTIC ORCHESTRA MUSIC

Peter holds Lois in his arms as the flames burn around them. It's a grand, lovey-dovey, movie moment.

PETER

I promise, from now on, I'm gonna
help out around the house and say I
love you every day.

LOIS

You mean it?

PETER

I'm a changed man, Lois. A better
man. And to think, if I hadn't taken
Chris to his soccer game, I never
would've learned this valuable lesson.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Stewie hits a big red button on the time machine. The space around Stewie starts to go in reverse. CLOSE UP on the clock -- it starts moving backwards.

INT. GRIFFINS' BASEMENT/BAR - CONTINUOUS

We see Peter and Lois playing their last scene in reverse, as if time was indeed going backwards. The action gets faster and faster until we blast to a:

WHITE SCREEN

SFX: SONIC BOOM

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - FOUR DAYS EARLIER - DAY

Stewie sits in the same spot behind his time machine. Peter and Lois are exactly where they were four days earlier.

LOIS

Honey, I'm beggin' ya, just drop
Chris off at his soccer game and come
right home. Meg's at the movies and
I need you to look after Stewie while
I'm teaching piano lessons. Please?

PETER

All right, sure. (THEN, LOVINGLY) You
know, I spoil you.

As Peter makes for the door, he trips over Stewie's time
machine, breaking it.

PETER (CONT'D)

(FEIGNING AGONY) Ow, my foot! I
can't walk! Guess you'll have to
take Chris yourself. Hahahaha.

FREEZE FRAME. Except for Stewie.

STEWIE

(TO CAMERA) Splendid! Victory is
mine! (CLUTCHES HIS JAW IN PAIN)
Aaaah!

THE END